

Good Morning 493

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Dick Gordon's STAGE, SCREEN, STUDIO



ON Monday mornings in 1914 a Manchester schoolmaster used to rap on a desk with a cane and say: "School fees, please," and a chestnut-haired schoolboy used to hand over three pennies for a week's education.

The boy was Robert Donat, starting his schooling on the instalment plan. If he hadn't got three pennies, he got no lessons.

Donat, to-day one of the world's greatest box-office stars, was born in Withington, a suburb of Manchester, on March 18th, 1905.

His parents, Ernst and Rose Donat, were not rich, but they were determined to help him attain his ambitions.

Donat was a keen moviegoer when a boy. He liked "The Exploits of Elaine" and "The Hooded Terror" serials, and was a fan of "Bill" Hart.

To further his interest in acting, his parents took him to a recital of "A Christmas Carol" by the elocutionist, James Bernard.

This fired the boy's imagination, and Ernst and Rose scraped money together to enable him to join Bernard's classes. Under tuition, Donat decided he was going to be an actor.

Bernard secured him an interview with Sir Frank Benson, celebrated actor-manager of the day. Benson was impressed, and Donat walked on air, thinking his whole future was settled.

It was to be twelve years of struggle before he was eventually recognised.

In 1921, at Birmingham, Donat got his first stage job, as Lucius in "Julius Caesar."

They paid him £3 a week, and, when handing him his first pay envelope, the manager remarked, "God knows why we're paying you this big money. You're not worth it." Donat was 16.

FOR two years his parents kept him off the stage, fixing him a private secretary job, and letting him dabble in journalism, but in 1923, at £2 10s. a week, he at last joined Sir Frank Benson's famous stock company. It was a tough life.

His first show was opened in a busy seaside town, packed with visitors. Donat lodged in an attic in a Sailors' Home, and, being too proud to borrow money, he lived on penny cups of tea and cake till weekly pay day came round.

He travelled all over Britain with the company, and remembers vividly a three-night stand in a remote Scottish village where they performed "Macbeth," "She Stoops to Conquer," and "Richard II," amid a howling gale, to an audience of fisherfolk.

In 1929 he married a Titian-haired girl named Ella Voysey. She lived at the end of his road in Manchester when he was a boy.

Too shy to make dates with her, it was always his brother who took the red-head home. During the years they met occasionally.

One day, when Donat was playing in Huddersfield, she drove across country and had supper with him after the show. They went for a walk along the street car route, and he proposed to her.

She accepted, and as they happily linked arms a voice spoke from the sky, "I shouldn't be surprised if you two were courting!" It was an engineer mending the tram wires overhead.

That year the young marrieds, with £120 saved, meant to try for the London stage.

IT was Alexander Korda who took a gamble on him. He gave Donat a role in "Men of Tomorrow" (1932), followed by two other roles, and finally the part of Culpepper in "The Private Life of Henry VIII."

It was a locked door in Glasgow that brought him finally to fame. He was acting in that city when he was sent a copy of a new play, "The Sleeping Clergyman," by James Bridie.

He took on the leading role (a dual part) and played it for all its worth. The play ran seven months in London, and Donat found himself a star.

Recalled from a holiday after the run of the play, he was told United Artists wanted him in Hollywood for lead in "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Eight days later he was on his way to Hollywood.

The success of that film established Donat. He returned to England, appeared in the stage play "Mary Reade" with Flora Robson, starred in two films, "The 39 Steps" and "The Ghost Goes West."

In 1936 he entered into management, presenting and acting in a war play, "Red Night." Three years of filming followed—"Knight Without Armour," with Marlene Dietrich; "The Citadel," with Rosalind Russell; "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," with Greer Garson.

IN 1939 he returned to the theatre, joining the Old Vic company to play "Romeo and Juliet" with Constance Cummings.

I FIRED A ROCKET SHELL IN HUNLAND

THERE is no reason why flying bombs or rocket shells should ever have been "secret" weapons to us. The Germans were so proud of their rockets that several years ago British scientists were invited to Breslau to meet the young members of the "German Society for Space Navigation"—I won't give you the title in German, but it was one word of thirty-seven letters!

It was the first society of rocket pioneers in Germany, and I had the "privilege" of firing a rocket shell over what is now Nazi territory.

The official Luftwaffe's name for the flying bomb is the "Kivik" rocket. The rocket shell is known as the "Mirak," and during the Breslau tests we tried the first three types of the Mirak shell and a fourth type known as the "Repulsor."

It was a dangerous job, and, personally, I was grateful when the week-end visit was over. Already two members of the "Society for Space Navigation" had been killed as a result of the fuel tank of the Mirak rocket being charged with a mixture of liquid hydrogen and oxygen.

Guiding spirit of the society was Professor Hermann Oberth, who subsequently became one of Hitler's technical advisers at the Berlin Air Ministry and later at Peenemunde.

The scientists at the time were concentrating on completing rockets for trips to the moon—so they said.

One of the Breslau men, Professor Erich Hahne, had a model of a moon rocket, and he proudly showed it to me, saying boastfully, "This great tubular machine, built of gleaming alloy and weighing at the start 1,000 tons—90 per cent. of it will be fuel—will have accommodation in the nose for a crew of three men."

Hahne did not pursue his moon rocket idea, but joined the Peenemunde team of constructors of crewless rockets—destination Britain and not the moon.

The Mirak Mark II rocket launched at Breslau was like a large fat Howitzer shell, al-

though the casing was of thin spun steel.

In the centre of the base of the shell was a conical jet orifice, while at one side of the base there projected a long tubular contraption which was rather like the stick of an ordinary rocket. The main part of the rocket shell was the liquid oxygen chamber.

The "tail" was a small storage tank for petrol, and contained an internal pipeline ar-



"You were right! That noise we heard wasn't the next-door neighbours, Winnie!"

range for feeding atomised petrol into the liquid oxygen jet. Petrol was force-fed into the liquid oxygen (which was itself under pressure) by means of a carbon dioxide gas bulb.

The Mirak Mark III was a similar type of rocket, but had a twin tail to get greater range, and the petrol was force-fed into the rocket jet by compressed nitrogen.

Here's Ronnie the rascal, A.B. EDWARD BOWLES



AN Air Mail letter—the first in nearly three weeks—arrived just before us at 186 Henderson Street, Glasgow, A.B. Edward Bowles. Your wife hopes you are getting mail more regularly.

Of course, you know your wife has adopted a new baby? It's a fat wee puppy, so he's been christened Ronnie, after your pal down at Hull.

The Old Battle Axe and Chopper send very best wishes to you. Kenny, who, by the way, is getting along well in the Army, joins them. He claims to be crack shot of his company now, by the way.

Seems your mother had a record of "Always" after a really grand holiday in Scotland, and got along splendidly with the "Battle Axe." The Glasgow shops quite thrilled her, and Loch Lomond—well, she never wanted to leave it.

The Chopper is a wee bit concerned these days—now that fire-watching has ended he can't figure an excuse for a night out. He asks your advice—have you any suggestions?

Your wife is in a particularly happy frame of mind these days, Eddie, because she's just managed to get you a

year's search.

It's probable that the disc will be worn thin by the time you get home, though, because they play it a dozen times a day—it takes your wife's mind back to the good time you used to have, and it gives her food for dreams about the better times you are going to have in the future.

Your wife signs off with all her love, and says she has never looked forward to anything as much as she is looking forward to your homecoming to Glasgow now the lights have gone on again.

H. Robertson Holmes Associate of British Chemical Manufacturers war expert, reveals details of Nazi Secret Weapons

The final type of rocket tested at Breslau was the Repulsor, which had the appearance of a sawn-off shell attached by frail-looking pipes to a long tail made up of tubes containing liquid oxygen and terminating in guide fins. The whole thing was about ten feet long.

The head contained liquid oxygen, and the tail unit, nearly six feet in length, was just an openwork arrangement of pipes carrying fuel and supporting the guide fins.

Convinced that the rocket was no longer a Jules Verne or Wellsian dream, members of the "Astro-Nautical Societies" in Britain invited German rocket experts to carry out tests in Britain, and in May, 1934, Gerhard Zuckers, a 26-year-old German scientist, whom I had met in Breslau, came to London.

It was suggested that he should build the British Post Office an Air Mail rocket which could be fired across the Atlantic to a receiving base in Canada!

Lord Londonderry and Sir Kingsley Wood (at that time the Air Minister and Postmaster-General) both expressed interest in his invention, and permission was given for him to try sending mail from the Isle of Wight to the mainland.

Zuckers' rocket had an aluminium case shaped very much like a firework rocket, and its speed was expected to be 960 m.p.h.

The first trial was near Rottingdean, in Sussex, and the launching ramp, a wooden frame trestled up at an angle and about 15ft. long, was fitted in position facing London. Near the foot of the launching rack was a catapult device capable of transmitting an initial impetus of about 5 h.p. to the rocket.

Three tests were a failure, and the test letters in the rocket mailbag were eventually sent to London by train.

None of these early rockets had any stabilising device, although it is now common knowledge that the flying bomb has a course and lateral stabiliser comprising three gyroscopes.

But there is no secret about the fact that a Siemens electrical expert was present at the Breslau tests, and the Siemens organisation had many of their experts at the Berlin Air Ministry and at Peenemunde during subsequent development of the rocket.

Siemens were building an automatic pilot similar to the "George" carried on most British bombers. This is a gyroscopic stabiliser and automatic course finder.

It is believed that the later type of German rocket projectiles have a gyro stabiliser, remote-controlled by an ordinary magnetic compass in the nose.

Raspberries are our favourite fruit.

So write and tell us what you really think about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—"Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1.

WHITE MAN'S MAGIC will put out the moon

FOR a long while we sat there in silence, too overwhelmed to talk. At last, Infadoos entered the hut, followed by some half-dozen stately-looking chiefs.

"My lords," he said, "I have brought with me these men, pointing to the row of chiefs, who are great men among us. Now let them also see the sacred snake around thee, and hear thy story, Ignosi, that they may say whether or no they will make cause with thee against Twala the king."

For answer Ignosi again stripped off his girdle, and exhibited the snake tattooed around him.

Then Ignosi resumed his moocha, and addressing them, repeated the history he had detailed in the morning.

"Now ye have heard, chiefs," said Infadoos, when he had done, "what say ye; will ye stand by this man and help him to his father's throne, or will ye not?"

The eldest of the six men, a short, thick-set warrior with white hair, stepped forward a pace and answered—

"These white men from the stars, their magic is great, and Ignosi is under the cover of their wing. If he be indeed the rightful king, let them give us a sign."

"Ye have the sign of the snake," I answered.

"My lord, it is not enough."

I turned in perplexity to Sir Henry and Good, and explained the situation.

"I think I have it," said Good

exultingly; "ask them to give us a moment to think."

As soon as they were gone, Good took out an almanack. "Now look here, you fellows, isn't to-morrow the 4th of June?"

We had kept a careful note of the days, so were able to answer that it was.

"Very good; then here we have it—4 June, total eclipse of the moon commences at 8.15 Greenwich time, visible in Tenerife—Africa, etc. There's a sign for you. Tell them that you will darken the moon to-morrow night."

"Suppose the almanack is wrong," suggested Sir Henry.

"I don't see any reason to suppose anything of the sort," was his answer.

"Well," said Sir Henry, "I suppose we had better risk it."

I acquiesced, and sent Umbopa to summon the chiefs back.

"Great men of the Kukuana, and thou, Infadoos, listen. We have determined to give such a sign as all men may see. Come hither"; and I led them to the door of the hut and pointed to the red ball of the fading moon.

"What see ye there?"

"We see the dying moon," answered the spokesman of the party.

"Now tell me, can any mortal man put out that moon before her hour of setting?"

The chief laughed. "No, my lord, that no man can do."

"Yet I tell you that to-morrow night, two hours before midnight, will we cause that moon to be eaten up for a space of an hour and half an hour, and deep darkness shall cover the earth, and it shall be for a sign that Ignosi is indeed king of the Kukuana. If we do this thing will ye be satisfied?"

"Yea, my lords."

"It is good," said I. "Now leave us to sleep awhile and make ready our magic."

Thoroughly wearied out, we were soon sound asleep, and slept till Ignosi woke us about eleven o'clock. Then we got up, washed, and ate a hearty breakfast. After that we went outside the hut and walked about, amusing ourselves with examining the structure of the Kukuana huts and observing the customs of the women.

"I hope that eclipse will come off," said Sir Henry presently.

"If it does not it will soon be up with us," I answered.

At length the sun set, and we had a couple of hours of such quiet as our melancholy forebodings would allow us. Finally, about half-past eight, a messenger came from Twala to bid us to the great annual "dance of girls" which was about to be celebrated.

We hastily put on the chain shirts that the king had sent us, and taking our rifles and ammuni-

KING SOLOMON'S MINES By the courtesy of the executors of RIDER HAGGARD

tion with us, so as to have them handy in case we had to fly, started boldly enough, though with inward fear and trembling. The great space in front of the king's kraal bore a very different appearance from that which it had presented on the previous evening. In the place of the grim ranks of serried warriors were company after company of Kukuana girls, not as over-dressed, so far as clothing went, but each crowned with a wreath of flowers, and holding a palm leaf in one hand and a tall white lily (the arum) in the other. In the centre of the open moonlit space sat Twala the king, with old

another, but none of them came up to the first.

When the chosen girls had all danced the king lifted his hand.

"Which think ye the fairest, white men?" he asked.

"The first," said I unthinkingly. Next second I regretted it, for I remembered that Infadoos had said that the fairest woman was offered as a sacrifice.

"Then is my mind as your minds, and my eyes are as your eyes. She is the fairest; and a sorry thing it is for her, for she must die!" "Ay, must die!" piped out Gagool.

Two of the men stepped forward, and as they did so the girl screamed aloud and turned to fly. But the strong hands caught her fast, and brought her, struggling and weeping, up before us.

"What is thy name, girl?" piped Gagool.

"Oh, mother," answered the girl in trembling accents, "my name is Foulata, of the house of Suko. Oh, mother, why must I die? I have done no wrong!"

Twala turned and motioned to his son, who advanced with his spear lifted.

"Now's your time," whispered Sir Henry to me; "what are you waiting for?"

"I am waiting for the eclipse," I answered; "I have had my eye on the moon for the last half-hour, and I never saw it look healthier."

"Well, you must risk it now, or the girl will be killed. Twala is losing patience."

"King," I said, "this shall not be; we will not endure such a thing; let the girl go in safety."

Twala rose from his seat in his wrath and astonishment.

"Shall not be! thou white dog, who yaps at the lion in his cave, shall not be! Art thou mad? How can'st thou prevent it? Withdraw, I say. Scragga, kill her. Ho, guards! Seize these men."

At his cry armed men came running swiftly from behind the hut, where they had evidently been placed beforehand.

Sir Henry, Good, and Umbopa ranged themselves alongside of me, and lifted their rifles.

"Stop!" I shouted boldly, though at the moment my heart was in my boots. "Stop! we, the white men from the stars, say that it shall not be. Come but one pace nearer, and we will put out the moon and plunge the land in darkness."

(To be continued)

USELESS EUSTACE

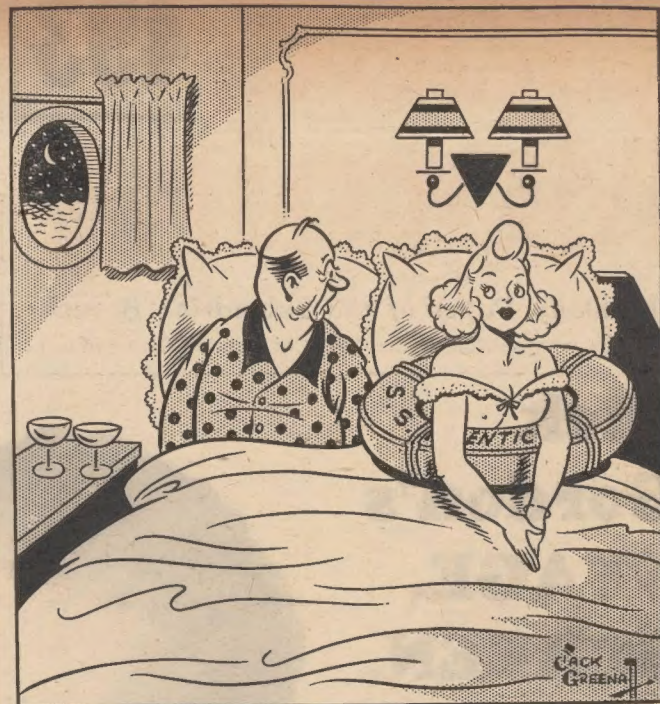


"Tough on Mrs. Tippet, ain't it, Winnie? That's the second meat ration this year to go out of the family!"

Gagool at his feet, attended by Infadoos, the boy Scragga, and twelve guards. There were also present about a score of chiefs, amongst whom I recognised most of our friends of the night before.

Twala greeted us with much apparent cordiality, though I saw him fix his one eye viciously on Umbopa.

"Let the dance begin," he cried, and next second the flower-crowned girls sprang forward in companies, singing a sweet song and waving the delicate palms and white flowers. At last they paused, and a beautiful young woman sprang out of the ranks and began to pirouette in front of us with a grace and vigour which would have put most ballet girls to shame. At length she retired exhausted, and another took her place, then another and



"Playin' for safety, eh, Miss Winfield?"

INTELLIGENCE TEST—No. 16

- Rearrange the following words to make a sentence, and then state if it is true or false: Frozen snow of crystals are hexagonal water flakes.
- Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Daniel, Naftum, Haggai, Hosea, Nathan, Jonah, Micah.
- When Gert said "Film," Daisy said "Night." What word linked these two ideas in Daisy's mind?
- There were 19 people in the queue for the stalls, and only 18 seats were vacant, but the attendant thought he could manage to fix them all up provided the first man in the queue would step aside for a few moments. He then put the second man into the first seat, the third man into the second seat, the fourth man into the third seat, and so on, the eighteenth man going into the seventeenth seat. He then fetched the first man and put him into the eighteenth seat, and they were all satisfied—or weren't they?

(Answers in No. 494.)

Answers to Test No. 15.

- Brass is an alloy, gold an element; brass is harder than gold, but gold is heavier than brass; brass is cheap, gold dear; brass corrodes, gold doesn't; brass is poisonous, gold is not; brass is common, gold is rare; brass is not found native, gold is.
- Size is a general term; others indicate definite dimensions.
- Uncle.
- B once; D twice.

QUIZ for today

- A soldo is a Persian infantryman, Italian coin, Spanish fish dish, shopman's label, kind of dog?
- What name is given to a group of (a) quails, (b) rooks?
- How many legs has a scorpion?
- What and where are the Macgillicuddy's Reeks?
- What is the difference between chagrin and shagreen?
- Which of the following are mis-spelt? Penurious, Parliament, Munificent, Minature, Premonition.

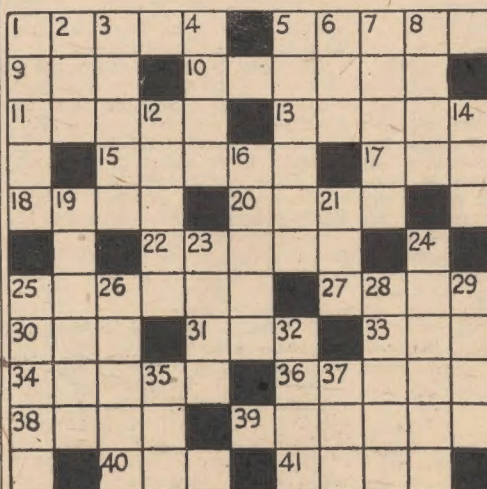
Answers to Quiz in No. 492

- Low pedestal.
- (a) Labour, (b) Barren.
- Keys.
- A rock in the Pentland Firth.
- 1½ square feet.
- Foretell, Formidable, Fashionable.

THE GENERAL BATTED No. 3

General M. C. Dempsey, commander of the British Second Army, was a cricketer. He played for Sussex against Northamptonshire in July 1919. He batted No. 3.

CROSSWORD CORNER



CLUES ACROSS.

- Tread heavily.
- Arch.
- Bowler.
- Shrubby plant.
- Praise highly.
- Commence.
- Use.
- Detergent.
- Knitted ribbing.
- Mineral salt.
- Lazy-bones.
- Clear away.
- Peer.
- Reptile.
- Scottish county.
- Hoot.
- Ethical.
- Follow.
- Girl's name.
- Rogues.
- Lid.
- Colour worker.

CLUES DOWN.

- Young bird's note.
- Not strict.
- Say.
- Faintly coloured.
- Chess piece.
- Previous month.
- Domain.
- Fluctuate.
- Hybrid plant.
- Drink.
- Tennis exchange.
- Concord.
- Yorkshire river.
- Kent town.
- Suitable.
- Ladies.
- Small spar.
- Over.
- Auction items.
- South African highlands.
- Fuss.
- Space of time.

POD CRISPED
AVENUE HALE
RAPID MACAW
CLOG BEGET
H TERRA DEN
EH ROUND DO
DON VITAL O
RISEN LEAD
CATER PEARL
ACRE AUSSIE
PEEPING HAS

WANGLING WORDS—432

- Insert four consonants in: *A*E*I*O*U*, and get something funny.
- Rearrange the letters of: GRAND LINE and get a famous capital city.
- In the following four carpenter's tools the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 62826, 5A852, 50852, 81C2.
- Find the hidden dish (meat and vegetables) in: Though that beam is teak, and weighs half a ton, I, on starting to lift it, had no assistance.

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 431

- INIMITABLE.
- MONTE VIDEO (Uruguay).
- Sunderland, Messerschmitt, Typhoon, Spitfire.
- B-as-in, Bar-rel.

JANE



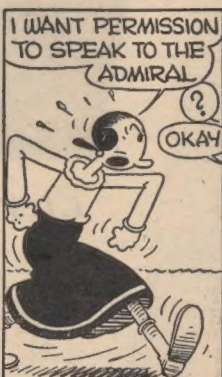
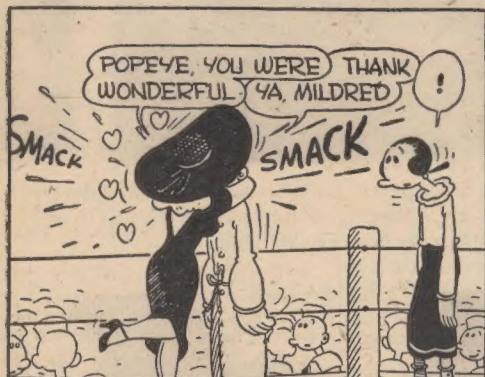
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



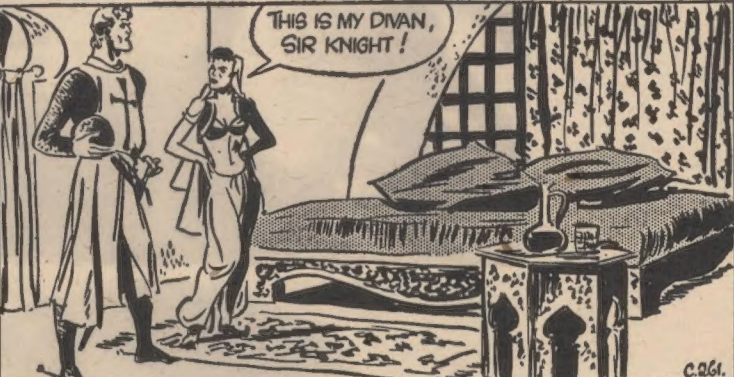
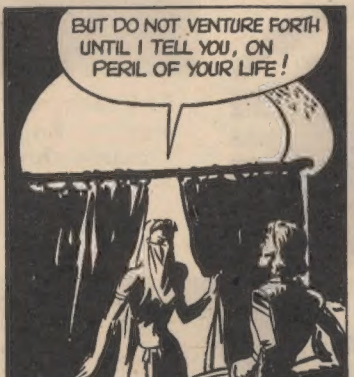
POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



I get around -

RON RICHARDS' COLUMN

AN American I met could not understand the mentality of those British juries who find that poker (or "draw-poker," as he called it) is a game of chance. True, there is the luck of the deal, as there is in all card games, but to play the hand you get needs a great deal of skill and judgment.

When you draw you have to decide how many cards to take, and that involves judgment. A traditional fool, in American parlance, is he who draws to fill a busted flush. To the uninitiated, I had better explain that a flush is a hand all of one suit. A busted flush has four of a suit and one other.

To draw in the hope of getting another card of the desired suit shows a good deal more optimism than common sense, for the odds against it are heavy. This is a crude example, but will show what I mean.

Then again, the experienced poker player watches to see what his opponents draw, and from that deduces what they already hold. If a man throws away three of his five and takes another three, it is fairly safe to conclude that he has a pair. And so on.

In a case at London Sessions the other day, when a jury found that poker was illegal, an expert gave evidence that he knew a man who played the game perseveringly for six years and never won any money. This shows that skill must come into it, for were pure chance to prevail, this man must have won sometimes. The law of averages would see to that.

As a bit of a poker-player myself, I am compelled to hold that skill and judgment are absolutely essential if one is to win at draw-poker.

REMARKABLE scenes of "spirit manifestations" concerning living people, or people who are non-existent, were described at West Ham Police Court, when Jane Rebecca Yorke, 72-year-old widow, of Romford Road, Forest Gate, was further remanded on four charges of contravening the Witchcraft Act of 1735.

She was accused of "pretending to exercise or use a kind of conjuration with spirits of deceased persons appearing to be present and in communication with live persons."

Mrs. Alice Rosetta Chapman (53), of Idmiston Road, Stratford, charged with being concerned with Mrs. Yorke in contravening the Witchcraft Act, has already been discharged.

Evidence was given that at one of Mrs. Yorke's meetings Sub-Div. Insp. Watt was told by Mrs. Yorke that his father was killed in the last war, and that his mother, also dead, had a message for him.

Actually, Insp. Watt's father died a year ago and his mother was still alive.

On another occasion, it was stated, Sgt. Ernest Holliwell was put into touch with "Brother Joseph," who, through Mrs. Yorke, said that he was with "father and mother and sister, and also Uncle Charley, who still had his mutton-chop whiskers and was very proud of them."

Sgt. Holliwell said he had no brother Joseph and no Uncle Charley with mutton-chop whiskers. His father and mother were very much alive.

SHOES with glass heels and transparent uppers are promised for after the war. Cinderella's evening fashion is to be wedge dancing shoes, with elaborately decorated heels.

Shoes with flexible plastic uppers are just waiting to be made. But before they think of any other footjoy the girls are going to demand higher heels, according to a London shoe expert. "There has been a 2 1/2 in. limit," he told me. "Girls in the Services have got used to the low heels, but does that mean they like them?" No.

"They like them so little that we are relying on the Board of Trade to let us raise the heels - after the war, of course - even while they make us keep the coupon. They will stick to the medium heel for walking, and some of them may have got so used to walking that they will keep on walking, but for evening wear and for dinners and dances I foresee shoes with heels higher than ever, and exotic enough to raise an eyebrow."

A foot expert, talking of this, wagged his head at the prospect. "They'll pay for these high heels," he said. "But there," he added sagely, "the woman always pays, so long as she can be in the fashion."

Transparent capes, transparent umbrellas, transparent shoes, transparent ?

Ron Richards

Good Morning

"Never put a Warm Baby on a Cold Slab," is the obvious first-choice caption here. The warm baby is Margie Stewart, and the insulated panties are supplied by RKO Radio. It's all in her contract—you bet!



Eternal Wales

A blueprint of the Land of My Fathers is unrolled in this lovely picture of the Conway Valley in North Wales.



She's Daddy's pin-up girl, no doubt. Although on this occasion the pin must have come out, with the result that there's nothing left for her to do but grin and "bare" it.



The lecturer will now demonstrate the best way to knock back a pint in the present acute shortage of public-house glasses.



"What remarkably odd feet they have! No pads, no retractable claws—just plates of meat on which they grow corns and bunions."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Curiosity will kill that kitten!"

